

# SAINT GEORGE.

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## THE NATIONAL TRUST: ITS AIM AND ITS WORK.\*

By the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley.

**T**HEY tell us that America, with its commercial rush and long-headedness, cares more for this England of ours than we do ourselves—that America is learning the absolute need of rousing the imagination of its young people to a love of fatherland, and is getting the children in her schools to signalise by their holidays the history and tradition which may help to bind the country into one. Our English educationalists look abroad; and they find that Germany is also fostering by song and commemoration festivals a passion for the home country; they go to France, and observe that since the last war the best thinkers, writers, artists, scientific men and manufacturers are being moved to their efforts in work by the thought that their country requires this of them. The new patriotic spirit in France has enabled her to bear the sorrows of the last war, but the cry of "La Patrie" has, we believe, more or less, undoubtedly been the father of some of the sorrow of militarism, and some of the trouble of Anti-Semitism, which is now so heavy a cloud upon her, but we think the time will come when this will pass and when the cry of "La Patrie" has superseded the cry of "La Gloire" it will help France on to nobility of life. One of the results of this movement to encourage true love of fatherland and home has been that the historic monu-

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ments and places of interest in the country's tradition are now very carefully placed under national protection throughout France. The idea of a Stonehenge or a Glastonbury Abbey being in private hands would be quite impossible in Brittany. But in Britain, so careless are our authorities of our great possessions, which would educate and call out a feeling for fatherland and a living interest in the history of the making of the nation that there has not been so much as a survey made of our antiquarian and historic monuments. Our Roman wall is in risk of being destroyed by the quarry owners; the towers on our ancient city walls are sold as sites for enterprising shopmen; our prehistoric hut-circles in Dartmoor or in Westmoreland are at the mercy of road surveyors seeking material, or farmers who want herbage for their cattle; and unless some amendment of the scope of the Ancient Monuments Protection Act is soon passed, it is quite certain that the object lessons which might, in years to come, have made men feel that it is good to have been English-born will have passed away.

But there are signs of a happy revival in our midst. Men are beginning to learn something of that wisdom, bred of adversity, which has supported France in its trouble in past years—the feeling that it is good to have a country to live for as well as a fatherland to die for, is being brought down to us too. There are scattered up and down the land people who are not antiquaries but who are real lovers of the past for its power to help the present—men who rightly or wrongly believe that when the call comes it will be easier to fight and to die for, as it is easier to work and live for—

“This other Eden, demi-Paradise,  
This happy band of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set on the silver sea.”—

if only we have been trained to a mindful reverence for the days of old, and have kept from the hands of the destroyer so much of our island's fairness as may make us say with souls no longer dead but quick and alive “This is my own, my native land.”

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Every year our children leave their island cradle and see new lands. The people who would preserve unharmed the haunts of tradition, or the homes of beauty, feel for these brave wanderers, and realise that all that can be done should be done to keep the glamour of old England bright, and its glow of tradition within their hearts fresh and warm.

It is with some such feeling that a number of these people have banded themselves together into a kind of Patriotic League for the public good, under the title of "The National Trust for the preservation of objects of Historical Interest or National Beauty." The way in which the Trust came into being was simple enough. During the past twenty years I had noticed in what great peril from railway incursions, mine exploitations, and the like, our little beautiful bit of, as yet, undisfigured Lake Country had been. I have fought the hydra-headed monster "Progress," and by the help of friends and Members of Parliament have done something to protect that little bit of playground. But all the time there was growing upon me the conviction that unless we could nationalise the district that great playground for the North Country millions of Lancashire and Yorkshire was doomed. Long and earnest talk with such people as the Duke of Westminster, Mr. G. F. Watts, the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, Sir Robert Hunter, Lord Thring, Miss Octavia Hill, and others, made me feel that the time had come when the Legislature might step in wisely and naturalise the district, nevertheless there was grave doubt whether they would even appoint local commissioners to have jealous eyes upon any damage or desecration by unnecessary exploitation. Then, suddenly I heard that an island in Grasmere was to be offered for sale, then Lodore Falls came into the market; at the same time, Snowden was sold; my heart was hot within me, and I suggested that, pending legislation, a Company or a Society should be formed capable of holding any beautiful bit of scenery or historic site for the good of the people. Miss Octavia Hill, at the same moment, had by chance a correspondent in America who gave her valu-

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able information about the setting on foot in Massachusetts by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wigglesworth, and others, of a Society entitled "The Trustees of Public Preservation," which under Chapter 352, 1891 Acts of Massachusetts, had obtained the powers of a Corporation to purchase or to acquire by deed of gift, beautiful and historic places and lands within the State of Massachusetts, to the value of a sum not exceeding one million dollars, *pro bono publico*; on the understanding that all such lands could in no way be held for the private profit of the Trustees, and that such lands should be exempt from taxation, just as the literary, scientific, and other institutions were exempt by law, so long as these lands remained open to the public.

I at once communicated with Mr. Sargent, and laid his scheme before a Committee assembled in London to consider if we could not go on the same lines in old England. The Committee sat, and they compiled a Memorandum and Articles of Association of a Trust to be called "The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty," whose objects are set forth in a Memorandum and Articles of Association obtainable at the registered office of the Trust, No. 1, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W., and briefly stated are:—

"To promote the permanent preservation, for the benefit of the  
"nation, of lands and tenements (including buildings) of beauty or  
"historic interest; and as regards lands, to preserve (so far as practicable)  
"their natural aspect, features, and animal and plant life; and for this  
"purpose to accept, from private owners of property, gifts of places of  
"interest or beauty, and to hold the lands, houses and other property  
"thus acquired by gift or by purchase in trust for the use and enjoyment of the nation."

It should be clearly understood that the Trust is forbidden by the Memorandum and Articles of Association to divide any profits that may be made among its members, and further it should be noted that it is registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1891, and has obtained the Charter of the Board of Trade, and is

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thus enabled to hold as a Corporation any lands or houses that may be bequeathed to it. At the same time if the Trust were dissolved it is bound to deal with the lands or places of historic interest or natural beauty in a manner consistent with the objects of the Trust, therefore the Association affords ample security for the permanent safe custody of all property committed to its care.

We do not despair of one day being nationally welcomed and having an Act of Parliament behind us.

We are quite willing that the same fate shall befall us as has befallen the private venture of the "Trustees of the Public Reservation of Massachusetts. There the State stepped in, and the Legislature of 1893 framed an Act with the concurrence of the various municipal bodies of large public resorts or parks in the district surrounding Boston, creating a permanent Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners, and within the Metropolitan district of Boston these Commissioners exercise the duties which would otherwise devolve upon the Reservation Trust, with the Hon. Francis Henry, as its acting chairman.

Even if our Trustees are never recognised by the State it is to be hoped that a time may come, when, just as now there is a Parliamentary grant for the purchase of National Pictures of perishable oil and canvas, there may be found sufficient foresighted wisdom among our legislators to recognise that we have permanent and imperishable pictures straight from the hand of God, which might be purchased for the public delight of the nation, as those bits of beautiful scenery now in private hands come into the market.

To return to our Trust, on November 16th, 1893, the ship was launched, a non-profit sharing Society, its primary object being to hold gifts of land, houses or buildings of historic interest or beauty in trust for the use and enjoyment of the nation. Amongst its original members were the Duke of Westminster, Marquis of Dufferin, Lord Rosebery, Sir Frederic Leighton, Professor Huxley, Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, the Master of Trinity, Sir Robert

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Hunter, Miss Octavia Hill, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Hobhouse, Mr. James Bryce, and other people.

I should like here to say how kindly the press was with us, and has been so, for which we are deeply grateful.

But I do not think we should have succeeded in filling a very humble little niche if it had not been for the timely generosity of a certain lady at Barmouth, who happened to say casually to me when I was in the very midst of looking over the drafts of the Memorandum and Articles of Association "I am in a great strait, I have a beautiful cliff overlooking the sea, and I dare not leave it to the local authorities for they would vulgarise it, and I have no one to leave it to, for I have no heir" to which I replied "Hand it to the National Trust, which seems to have been born for the cliff," and the thing was done. The Trust thus became the possessor of the picturesque and rugged cliff overlooking the Estuary at Barmouth, which has been known for centuries as the "Cliff of Light" "Dinas-O-leu."

The Articles of Association were formerly signed in December, 1894, and the first meeting of the Trust was held in May, 1895.

The following letter from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. was read at the Inaugural Meeting of the Association, at Grosvenor House, on July 16th., 1894, at which the Duke of Westminster, K.G., kindly presided :—

"The object of the National Trust Society I fully appreciate, and  
"hope to see carried out. "The world is too much with us." We are  
"too apt to see only what appears to be of material importance, not  
"always so valuable as it seems to be. I think it cannot be doubted  
"that providing for the interests and pleasures of those who are coming  
"after us should exercise the minds not only of statesmen but of every  
"one who has the well being of the nation at heart. The wisest laws  
"and the firmest enforcement of them will be powerless to remove  
"discontent or cope with the consequences of it. Trades unions  
"must be supplemented—for they cannot be put down—by unions  
"among the thoughtful, to promote pleasure and contentment. To  
"keep alive interest in the history of the country is not one of the least  
"happy of the means to be employed. I should be glad to co-operate

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“with the Society by hearty personal activity, but from the uncertainty  
“of the state of my health and want of time I am unable to undertake  
“any kind of work outside my studio.”

At the meeting held in May, 1895, we were able to report that in addition to our having become owners of the Cliff at Barmouth we were in negotiation with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the sale to us of an interesting pre-Reformation Secular Clergy House at Alfriston, near Eastbourne, in Sussex. This relic was on its last legs, when, by the advice of the Consulting Architect of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, we undertook the work of restoration, and by the help of Mr. A. Powell we carefully restored the old timbered beams and other parts, and have thus given back to England of the 19th Century, this old bit of the 14th Century work wherein one might read as in a book something of the domestic arrangements of a 14th Century Secular Clergy House.

During the year 1896 the attention of the Committee was called to the threatened destruction of the Falls of Foyers by an Aluminium Co., and all that could be done to arouse public opinion was done. The Inverness County Council were approached, but they preferred hydrofluoric gases, a dry waterfall bed, and a good deal of sludge and stench to the most glorious waterfall in Scotland, and the Fall of Foyers was sacrificed to speculative investment mongers, and commercial possibilities.

The threatened destruction of part of the Walls of Antoninus was brought before them, and through the Secretary for Scotland's kind offices the owners of this Roman antiquity were approached, and the mischief was averted.

The Croft-an-Righ (the King's Croft) adjoining Holyrood Palace came into the market in the same year, and the Trust backed up the efforts of the Cockburn Society and petitioned Her Majesty's Commissioners of Works to purchase the property, which they did on Feb. 19th, 1896, at £3,320.

In the same year Stonehenge being in danger reached the ears of the Trust, and we approached the proprietor, Sir Edward Antrobus.

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We urged that we should be allowed to petition Parliament to give a handsome subsidy towards any necessary underpinning of this world-wide renowned structure. To all these suggestions he turned a deaf ear, and the result is that in a few years the rabbit will probably be able to effect the tilting and the subsequent collapse of two, if not three, of the most important stones.

The Trinity Almshouses—ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren—also were in immediate danger at the hands of their custodians, and the Trust agreed with kindred Societies to bring all legitimate pressure to bear upon the Charity Commissioners to refuse their assent. Their efforts were successful, and the “Trinity Almshouses” are with us at this day.

The destruction of Foyers and the absolute inability of the State legislature to interfere in such matters as Stonehenge, if it was not scheduled, and the Trinity Almshouses, because they were not prehistoric, determined the Trust to set about the drafting of a Bill which should supplement and make effective the existing Act for the Protection of Ancient Monuments. Their deliberations took the form of ascertaining from the Foreign Embassies what laws existed in Continental countries, which might serve as hints to our legislators, and no doubt you will be interested in hearing a few of the steps taken in various countries for the preservation of Historic Monuments and Places of Beauty.

(A) *Belgium*.—A Royal Commission of Monuments has existed since 1835 to protect the public buildings of the country; but it does not appear that any powers exist of dealing with historic monuments in private hands.

(B) *Austria*.—A Central Commission for the Preservation of Artistic and Historic Memorials has existed for many years. It acts in conjunction with local societies and private persons throughout the empire, and is entrusted with duties of supervision and advice. It can bring educated opinion to bear upon private persons with a certain official authority, but its powers do not seem to extend further.

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(C) *Switzerland*.—A Federal Commission has been constituted, and an annual grant is made by the Federal Assembly for the preservation and purchase of Swiss antiquities. Part of the grant (say, about £1,000 a year) is spent in aiding public bodies and private persons to preserve monuments.

(D) *Denmark*.—Here there is a similar Commission of old standing; and annual grants are made by the Rigsdag. In 1895-6 the grant was £1,885. The Commission also occupies itself in educating public opinion through schools and by circulars addressed to public bodies.

(E) *Norway*.—A grant of public money is made for inspection and the collection of information.

(F) *Italy*.—Many laws have been passed on the subject of ancient monuments, but the net result has not at present been very clearly ascertained. Apparently the destruction, spoliation, or defilement of monuments is punishable, whether such monuments are in public or private ownership. The expatriation of moveable objects of antiquity of ascertained value is also strictly forbidden, save with the consent of the Minister of Public Instruction.

(G)—*Spain*.—This country has elaborate machinery for the protection of historic and artistic monuments. A Commission for the purpose, composed of the corresponding members of the Academy of History and the Academy of Fine Arts, exists in every province, and its expenses are provided for out of the provincial receipts. Such Commission acts as the adviser of the governor of the province. It gives an authoritative recognition to the antiquarian or artistic value of public monuments, directs archaeological investigations, and prepares a catalogue of buildings of historic or artistic interest. It is entitled to the aid of all local bodies, which are particularly directed to keep the Commission informed of the condition of classified buildings, and of any proceedings affecting them.

Though the Commission does not appear to possess any power absolutely to prevent the injury of monuments in private lands, or

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to purchase them compulsorily, from its official character and position it must exercise a powerful influence in preserving historic monuments.

You will therefore see that a great deal of information comes to us from across the water, and the deliberations of the Committee have gone on until now.

Sir Robert Hunter, our indefatigable chairman, who is one of the members of the Commons Preservation Society, also Consulting Solicitor to the Post Office, has thrown himself into this work, and he has drafted two Bills which will be presented shortly to the House. The first is "To amend the Ancient Monuments Protection Act," and proposes it shall confer the powers that now exist in Ireland for the preservation of monuments other than prehistoric to monuments in our own country. "The provisions of section 1 of the Ancient Monuments Protection (Ireland) Act, 1892, shall apply and be in force as well in Great Britain as in Ireland." This will bring in a very large number of important historic monuments which you may call mediæval, and which are now outside our "Ancient Monuments Protection Acts." I believe that since that Act was passed no less than 200 Abbeys, and Abbey ruins, and buildings of a mediæval kind have been scheduled for protection by the State in Ireland, and although I am not prepared to say that the iron hand of the State is the best preserver, nevertheless it has distinctly made it possible for children of Irish people yet to be born to see something of Mediæval Ireland which otherwise they would have been unable to do. In this Act it is also proposed that "The Commissioners of Works may receive voluntary contributions towards the cost of maintenance of any monument of which they may become the guardians or purchasers under the provisions of the Ancient Monument Acts, 1882-1892, or this Act, and may enter into any agreement with the owner of such monument or with any other person as to such maintenance and the cost thereof." "That a monument of which the Commissioners of Works have been constituted Guardians shall not be

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assessed or rented to any county, or borough, or parochial, or any other rate or cess, or to income tax, or any other imperial tax, and no such monument shall be chargeable with estate duty leviable on or with reference to death."

The other Bill to be presented is one for the "The better Protection of Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty." By it

1. (1). The owner of any land may by deed declare :—
  - (a) That such land shall not be built upon ; or
  - (b) That any natural feature of such land or any monument thereon shall not be destroyed or injured ; or
  - (c) That such land shall be maintained in substantially the same condition as that in which it is at the time of the execution of such deed ; or
  - (d) That the public shall have access to such land for purposes of recreation at all times, or at such times as may be specified in or provided for by such deed, and under such regulations (if any as may be specified in or provided for by such deed.
- (2). All or any of such declarations as aforesaid may be made by one and the same deed.
- (3). Every deed containing such declaration as aforesaid shall be executed in the presence of at least two witnesses, and shall be registered in the Central Office of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and by the council of the administrative county in which the land is situate.
2. When the owner of any land has made any declaration under and in accordance with the provisions of this Act, a charitable use to the effect of such declaration shall be deemed to have been created in relation to such land, and every person taking any estate or interest in such land by purchase or devolution of title from such owner, shall hold such land subject to such declaration and charitable use, but, in all other respects, shall be entitled to the possession and enjoyment of such land according to his estate and interest therein.

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Provided always, that any person taking any estate or interest in such land otherwise than by purchase or devolution of title from such owner shall not be bound by such declaration, and the land in the hands of such persons shall be free from any charitable use created by such declarations.

3. Where land is for the time being subject to any such charitable use as is provided for in this Act, and the County Council resolve that such use is of benefit to the public, regard shall be had in the assessment of such land for the purpose of any county borough, parochial, or other local rate or cess to the effect of such charitable use upon the value of such land, and such land shall be assessed at such rate or cess only on the fair annual letting value thereof subject to such use.

4. Where any land is :—

- (a) Subject to such declaration and charitable use as is provided for in this Act ; or
- (b) Vested on any incorporated body for the purpose of the preservation thereof ; or
- (c) Placed under the guardianship of the Commissioners of Works ;

and the Treasury is of opinion that such land is, owing to its natural beauty or to the existence of any monument thereon, or from any other cause, of natural, scientific, or historic interest, the Treasury may remit the estate duty or any other duty leviable on or with reference to death in respect of such land, and no land the duty in respect of which is so remitted shall be aggregated with any other property for the purpose of fixing the rate of estate duty.

We are persuaded that as holidays and facilities of locomotion increase, and as tourists flock to the sea or to the countryside more and more for rest, the temptation to make money out of the beauties of nature will increase also ; and the speculating builder and the great hotel company promoters will have to be reckoned with, seeing that the landed proprietors are now finding land a poor investment, and are willing to part with it at a price. For

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these reasons, we say "Let us exist as a body of men who are bound by charter to have and to hold not for ourselves only, but for the nation's good, in *statu quo*, any historic monument, any historical site or house, any piece of beautiful scene, any waterfall, any glen, any headland, any river or lake or foreshore, which the generosity of private individuals shall hand to our keeping for a national possession; or which, as from time to time these fall into the market, may by contributions of friends to the cause be obtained." The National Trust is not only a custodian of the interests of property for the nation, it is an advisory board also. Hardly an important ruin is threatened, or interesting house offered for sale, or a piece of vandalism in our island suspected, but news comes to the office, and the help and sympathy of the Trust is sought.

The National Trust, in conjunction with the Commons Preservation Society, has also been enabled to obtain a clause in the "Light Railways Bill," which will tend to prevent the injury and destruction of any building or other object of historical interest, or the injurious effect of any undertaking under the Act upon natural scenery, and that little clause has given us the power to appear before the Light Railway Commissioners at any inquiry which may be held.

Already the Trust is the owner for the nation of a beautiful sea cliff above the town of Barmouth, and of a grand Cornish headland, Barras Point, opposite Tintagel Castle. The latter was bought from the Earl of Wharncliffe for £505.

The Trust feels that it will not only exhaust public patience but its own if it is to appeal for funds for every object that should be kept in honour and preserved for the nation's thought and inspiration, and therefore suggested that many of the houses of interest, and places of historic site and scene or natural beauty, might be looked upon as investments paying a sufficient percentage. They have bought the Joiner's Hall, near Salisbury, with money advanced in return for a low rate of interest, which is secured

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upon the rent of the house, on condition that it was preserved for ever for the delight of the people of Salisbury.

Is it a thing unimaginable that men who wish to place some abiding monuments to their dead friends shall one day say—"Rather than be content with some dreary monument upon a grave, let me bequeath, to the perpetual joy, and thought, and health, and life of future generations, some fair scene such as my friend delighted in, some ruin which he loved to ramble in, the birthplace or the home of one of the thinkers of the past he held in honour. A tower on the city wall, for he was strong and a tower of strength in his day. Some British camp upon the open fells, for he cared for those early days of England's making. Some breezy headland, for he faced all storms and feared no tides. Some flashing waterfall, for his life was full of music, it fell like a broken purpose. A width of purple moorland, for his views were wide. A mountain top, for his vision was clear and fair. An island glen, a woodland, for he loved the "quiet woody places of the land that gave him birth," his soul abode with gentle solitude. Is it a thing undreamable that in these coming years of the twentieth century, men may say "Yes, we feel that the time has come when we shall consider what form memorials of those who have gone before us shall take? That dream has come true, for since I wrote a Mr. and Mrs. Richardson Evans have lost a friend who loved a place in Kent, and they at once bought as a memorial a view overlooking the Weald of Kent, and gave it to the Trust.

I feel that Birmingham ought to help us, and I think it could by forming from its Ruskin Society a local committee who would tell us what places they consider should be permanently preserved, and give us their advice in respect to any place in the district, and help us from time to time to obtain the necessary funds for such preservation.

Anyone can belong to the Trust by paying 10s. a year, and anyone who gives places of beauty and interest becomes a honorary member.


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It is quite clear that we must all help to form public opinion in this matter, and we must do so if we are to have a race of poets, thinkers, and artists, who will help to make England greater than she is.

We specially ask members of the Ruskin Society to think about this, for it was Ruskin's teaching which was the fountain head of the teaching which set forward this National Trust. We believe that his teaching in the future will be more and more appreciated, that public opinion will be more and more strengthened, that men will reverently revere the old for its power to help the new, and we look forward to the time when the masses as well as the classes will earnestly believe that the wisdom and spirit of the universe will only be the heritage of this nation so long as it can feel and perceive that every fair view, and every leaf and flower, and every bird and every living thing has a message for every honest hard working heart, and that every ancient earthwork and crumbling tower has a word of warning for every weary soul, and that every natural scene is made more fair for us if the memory of the heart it inspired is fresh and warm, and the local associations are quick and alive ; for indeed, as our own Cumberland poet has said "We live by admiration, hope and love," and Nature never betrays the heart that trusts her.

## RUSKIN MAY DAY FESTIVAL AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, 1899.

By Elizabeth C. Ivatt, B.A.

N the First of May the nineteenth Ruskin May Festival was celebrated at Whitelands College, and the spirit of the "master" was once again present with its all-pervading influence. The day was consecrated in the College Chapel by a short Service for SS. Philip and James, in which heartfelt prayer was uttered for Mr. Ruskin "the giver of the day's pleasure." At the close of the Service, to the strains of the beautiful spring-tide hymn "All is bright and cheerful round us," two by two the Students, headed by Queen Ellen of last year, passed out in procession round the garden. The budding trees in their "mist of green," the young happy faces, and the fresh sweet voices, all bore witness to the truth of the old familiar words; as the girls, in their cream dresses with dainty touches of pale blue or pink Liberty silk, wound slowly round the garden and thence up to the large training room. Willing hands on the previous Saturday, and in the early May morning, had transformed the room into a veritable fairy bower, festooned with green garlands, centring in the large wreaths which crowned the Maypole, and stretching to the sides. At one end was the dais with its thrones, and arches decked with yellow leopard's-bane. Queen Ellen ascended the central throne and gracefully abdicated, having addressed her loyal subjects in the following words: "Our faithful and dear subjects, before we abdicate our throne we wish to thank you for the loyalty and love you have always shown to us, and we hope that our successor's reign may be as bright and happy as ours." Her maidens removed the faded crown of apple-blossom, with which she had been crowned at the beginning of her reign; replaced it by one of forgetmenots, and led her to a side throne at a lower level on the dais.

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At once the new Queen was balloted for, and while the votes were counted part-songs were sung. The announcement of Agnes Gourlay as the new May Queen was received with much applause, and she was led away by her maids of honour to be robed and crowned and to decide to whom should be allotted Mr. Ruskin's munificent gift of forty-four volumes of his own works magnificently bound in purple calf or white vellum.

Another part-song, "Forth to the meadows," was followed by the Principal's speech. He had visited the north during the Easter vacation and described his almost unspeakable delight at being allowed an interview with the "master" himself. He found him bright, well, and happy, surrounded by flowers and taking great pleasure in his "birds" for whom he daily spread crumbs and bird seed on a ledge specially provided outside his window. The Principal described to him a May Day at Whitelands, talked to him of the college and the students, and told him how many of them followed the example of their Alma Mater in having a May festival in their schools. After his account of the short sight of Mr. Ruskin, the Principal spoke of the use to be made of a good book and the effects of reading and mastering one. He advised anyone who received a book at the hands of the May Queen to study it till it became a part of herself and then save her money and buy another of Mr. Ruskin's works. He closed his speech by a short quotation from Clough's *Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women*.

"All cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are cathedrals ;  
Such is the Catholic doctrine.  
Every woman is or ought to be a cathedral  
Built on the ancient plan, a cathedral pure and perfect  
Built by that only Law that Use be suggestive of Beauty ;  
Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment ;  
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish."

No good woman can live in the world without someone being the better for the existence of her goodness.

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Eight students danced a stately and graceful minuet while the others accompanied them by softly singing a part-song. The quaint old song "Come lasses and lads," called out the sixteen girls to "trip it" in the May-pole dance. In and out they went plaiting and unplaiting the pink and blue ribbons. Of all the intricate patterns they wove and unwove the one in which they canopied themselves with a spider's web gained most applause.

The May-pole dance was followed by an amusing operetta "The Girton Girl and the Milkmaid" in which the solos were taken by Ethel Hughes the unsophisticated milkmaid, and Annie Wilson the learned Girton Girl. They were ably supported by a chorus of milkmaids who tripped in with stools and pails, sang and made cowslip balls, and otherwise behaved as milkmaids should. The Queen being now ready, a court procession was formed in the long corridor and wound slowly through the Reception Room and back to the training room. There, under an arch formed by the flower-decked wands of office held by her body-guard, passed Queen Agnes in her cream silk robe, with long train lined with pale apple green and carried by her maidens. She ascended her apple-blossomed throne and bowed sweetly in gracious acknowledgment of the profound curtsies made to her by the Dowager-Queens Ellen, Annie, and Minnie, and by her dutiful subjects who came up two by two to make obeisance.

Mrs. Leycaster, a friend of Mr. Ruskin, clasped round the Queen's neck the master's beautiful May-day gift to her, the gold spray of hawthorn in the form of a cross, Miss Blunt, in the absence of the Rector of Chelsea, presented a bouquet of roses and lilac, and Queen Agnes received her book *Queen of the Air* from the hands of Lady Marjorie Gordon. The students in a burst of song greeted her majesty declaring

"Was never such a May Day  
Never, never such a Queen."

Sixteen Seniors danced before the Queen, and two congratulatory

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telegrams were received from sister queens at Cork and Luton, and graciously answered.

Now the Countess of Aberdeen rose to address Queen Agnes and her Court at Whitelands. She spoke of her delight in being allowed to witness and take part in so delightful a festival, The excellent example of Whitelands had reached Ottawa where she had on somewhat different lines instituted a May Queen observance. The first Queen chosen was the daughter of the Bishop of Ottawa, and she with twelve counsellors to help her had drawn up the following code of honour.

"The May Queen, to her Court and Counsellors, Greeting. We would have you remember 'that no woman can be really strong, gentle, pure and good without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.' Therefore, let these be the Aims of our Court :

To store our Minds with the best Thoughts of the best Minds of all ages.

'Until the habits of the Slave, the sins of Emptiness, Gossip, and Spite, and Slander, die.'

To say nothing but what is kind of the Absent.

To enlarge our sympathies by intercourse with those whose lots are harder than our own.

To encourage, according to our opportunities, movements which may tend to elevate or to alleviate the sufferings of Mankind."

The Countess asked for a message to be sent to the Canadian May Queen and Queen Agnes sent her love.

The May Queen then distributed the volumes of Mr. Ruskin's works and each subject knelt and kissed the queen's hand as she received the book. The names of the girls and the reasons for which they became the happy possessors of so valuable a gift were as follows :—

Agnes Gourlay, *Queen of the Air*, because she is May Queen.

Kate Parker, *Seven Lamps*, because she is the May Queen's First Maiden.

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Gertrude Gregory, *Val d' Arno*, because she is the May Queen's  
Second Maiden.

Bessie McWhirter, *Ariadne Florentina*, because she is the May  
Queen's own Maiden.

Florence Cope, *Verona*, because the May Queen likes her.

Gertrude Goodburn *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, because  
all the girls like her.

Margaret Wilkinson, *Ethics of the Dust*, because she can

"Dry her eyes and laugh at a fall  
And, baffled, get up, and strive withal."

Eveline Woods, *Uric the Farm Servant*, because she tries to live  
and learn, knowing that life is short, and learning hard.

Maude Jones, *The Two Paths*, because she does deeds of week-day  
goodness.

Louisa Atchison, *The Two Paths*, because she's

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Fanny House, *Val d' Arno*, because

"Well-aproned she and trim and neat  
She looketh after Hall at meat."

Jane Walker, *The Eagle's Nest*, because, though not learned she  
is sweet in gentle household ways.

Janet Horth, *Time and Tide*, because she loves Flowers.

Elizabeth Birdsell, *King of the River*, because home-loving hearts  
are the happiest.

Catherine Smith, *Christ's Folk*, because she is kind hearted and  
thoughtful for others.

Hilda Davis, *The Two Paths*, because she loves her College days  
and will say "Those were pleasant days, those College days."

Lilian Pickford, *Letters to a College Friend*, because she is never  
idle for a moment.

Edith Woollacott, *Ariadne Florentina*, because she believes that  
deeds are better than words ; actions mightier than boasting.

## THE MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

- Rosamond Crump, *Poems of John Ruskin*, because she believes that all things come round to her who can wait.
- Beatrice Hincks, *Deucalion*, because she cultivates a cheerful disposition, and tries to look on the bright side of things.
- Jane Stenhouse, *Munera Pulveris*, because she believes that a Friend should bear a Friend's infirmities.
- Margaret Purdom, *Sesame and Lilies*, because she has a soft and gentle voice, an excellent thing in woman.
- Edith Jolly, *Urlie the Farm servant*, because a light heart like hers, lives long.
- Edith Brown, *The King of the Golden River*, because she believes that goodness heightens beauty.
- Margaret Witter, *A Joy for Ever*, because her failings lean to virtue's side.
- Edith Weedon, *Aratra Pentelici*, because she loves the Chapel.
- Emily Habgood, *Crown of Wild Olive*, because she helps other girls if she can, and she never hinders.
- Lizzie Gregory, *Laws of Fésole*, because she always stands up for what is right.
- Nora O' Toole, *Queen of the Air*, because she loves a good book.
- Mary Ginsburg, *Sesame and Lilies*, because she believes that work is done well only when it is done with a will.
- Margaret Miller, *Time and Tide*, because she finds pleasure in 'air and water, bird and flower, and human face Divine.'
- Ellen Bellingham, *Ariadne Florentina*, because what she saith you may trust.
- Bertha Lethbridge, *The Eagle's Nest*, because she doeth little kindnesses which many leave undone or despise.
- Annie Wilson, *Munera Pulveris*, because she has a tender heart and loyal mind.
- Margaret Winder, *Poems of John Ruskin*, because

"Right life for her is life that works  
By lowly ways to lofty ends."

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Daisy Thomas, *Munera Pulveris*, because she has a courage to endure and obey.

Edith Whiteoak, *The Two Paths*, because she speaks no evil, no, nor listens to it.

Hannah Cox, *A Joy for Ever*, because she has a voice of comfort and an open hand of help.

Ethel Hughes, *Aratra Pentelici*, because she delights in music and in verse.

Catherine Middleton, *Lectures on Art*, because she quietly does her best.

Clara Anderson, *A Joy for Ever*, because "that which ordinary girls are qualified for, she is qualified in, and the best of her is diligence."

Blanche Larsen, *The Storm Cloud of the 19th. Century*, because she dares to be true, and knows that nothing can need a lie.

Barbara Metcalfe, *Munera Pulveris*, because she is

"To others' virtues very kind  
To others' faults a little blind."

Margaret Turquand, *Laws of Fésolé*, because she hates shams of all sorts.

The Principal spake a few words of thanks to Mrs. Leycester for so kindly coming to present the Ruskin cross, and to Lady Aberdeen for her affectionate speech to the students.

The ceremony closed with the royal proclamation of holiday till 7 p.m. and after that "keeping court" with dancing and other delights. The National Anthem closed the festival.

In the afternoon, the flowers which had been used for decorations were tied up in bunches and distributed to the neighbouring hospitals there to gladden the eyes of the sick. By five o'clock no trace of decoration was left except the ivy "Ruskin Vivat" in the Hall.

Among the visitors had been Mrs. Leycester, the Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon, Lady Lindsay, Mrs. Walter Severn, Canon Chapman and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Faunthorpe, I. C. S. Allahabad and others.

## THE ARTIST AND THE AMATEUR.

By J. B. Stoughton Holborn.

"I painting from myself and to myself  
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame  
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks  
Morellos' outline there is wrongly traced,  
His hue mistaken; what of that? or else  
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?  
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?"

*Andrea del Sarto.*—Robert Browning.

**H**E who would tread so thorny a path, as that whither the above subject leads, can only be led to do so in the hope that others may follow, and eventually the way may become clear. Strict impartiality is denied to most of us, and if either side seem here too strongly represented, it is to be hoped that some other will present us with what seems to him a fairer view.

It is hardly a truism to the world at large to say that there is but little knowledge on the subject of Art. Many flatter themselves that their scanty and superficial acquaintance with the subject is not so inadequate as it is; and it is only a very few who realize that the nation as a whole possesses no genuine love of Art, but merely assumes an interest in obedience to the hests of all powerful fashion.

Perhaps before pursuing our enquiry it will be well to explain what, in the present article, we mean by an Amateur and what we mean by a genuine or professional Artist. The latter word is used in several senses and it is best to fix that in which it is to be used here. By an Amateur, as distinct from a Professional, we mean a man who takes up a pursuit in order to occupy those spare moments of his life left over from some occupation, that in his mind is considered more important, and to which he devotes his

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freshest energies and the longest hours. In this occupation he may be called a Professional, the question of payment or non-payment having nothing to do with our use of the word. If we further add to our idea of a Professional the notion that he is to have undergone a special training and education for his occupation, we shall have a sufficiently clear conception for our present purpose.

Now the class of Amateurs is numerically greater than the Professional class, and it will hardly be considered presumption to assume that they exist for some definite end, the object of which it is our present endeavour to determine: they are at once the greatest friends and the greatest enemies of the Artist; for amongst them the Artist finds most of his patrons and his sincerest admirers, and yet the critic and the false exponent of Art are to be found in the same quarters.

The genuine Artist lives a life apart from this false love of Art assumed by society, and by many who are in no true sense of the word Amateurs, and it is probably in a great measure owing to this that the world is still so ignorant of what we may call the rationale of Art. The Artist has a true appreciation coupled with an intuitive perception of the meaning of that to which he has devoted his life, and with this intuition he is generally content, and does not subject himself to analysis. It is for the Anatomist to say how the different parts of our bodily framework are put together, and it is for the writer to try and express in words what the Artist feels in himself. It is inconvenient for the Anatomist to practise on himself, and the Artist as a rule is averse to the dissection of his own feelings. Artists moreover are not given to writing, and when they do write the public do not understand: those who do write and whom the public do understand are not Artists. It is here that we come face to face with one of the weightiest charges that the Artist has to bring against his would-be friends. The Amateur, and under the head of Amateur we shall in the present article include not only those who unprofessionally practise Art but also those who preach it, only too frequently

## *THE ARTIST AND THE AMATEUR.*

dissects his own feelings instead of those of the Artist, and gives the result forth to the world as though it contained truths about Artists. That the literary man may observe the Artist and his work, and report his observation is not only permissible, but is even a duty, yet these observations do not entitle him to make so many statements on his own authority, as he not uncommonly does.

Art is a subject in which as in any other undertaking that is to be thorough, it is necessary to specialize before one can pass judgments. Here a great deal of doubt seems to exist in the public mind as to the necessity of this specialization. They have not grasped the very elements of the study, and yet many of them take delight in their very ignorance. The man who sketches during his summer vacation does not thereby become an Artist, even though he might have some small work hung in the Royal Academy, nor can a girl that paints a tambourine or a terra cotta soup plate lay claim to the title, any more than the man who attends an ambulance class can rank as a doctor; and they have no more right to criticize the work of the Artist than the ambulance man has to criticize that of the doctor. Going further we may say, much less right has the man who does not paint in his summer holidays or the girl who does not adorn soup plates.

This brings us to the important consideration as to who it is that is to fix the standard of Art. The early Art of all races is pursued by the Artist in order to please himself; the child when first he takes a pencil in hand and begins to draw with it, is actuated merely by the motive that impels him to put down something that he sees or thinks, and without going into the philosophy of Art it is sufficiently near the truth to say that the object both with the tyro and the mature Artist, is expression of a certain kind. To express something then is the end and aim of all his work, and it is absolute absurdity for the person who is to look at the picture, to claim the right of dictating what is to be expressed. Such a person, we may suppose, would be an Artist, but his powers

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are utterly inadequate to the expression of his thoughts. To judge then amongst these expressions is surely the prerogative of the man who has devoted his life to the work, rather than that of the casual observer or amateur. In other words it is the verdict of Artists that we would accept upon Art, rather than that of the outsider. This verdict may either be given verbally or in the form of pictures, that embody that which an Artist considers noblest in the aims of his predecessors. Hence it comes about that, in dealing with standards, it is best to consider those works by the men we commonly speak of as "The Old Masters," because the opinions of Artists themselves do not become fixed for a long time, and in fact posterity in Art as in character must always be the most impartial judge.

There are many who would go so far as to say that the true Artist does not consider those who are to see his pictures at all, but even if not prepared to go so far, everyone will admit that his object is rather to raise such people to his level than to come down to theirs: to educate them up to his art, even though at first it may pass their comprehension. Now how does this bear upon the Amateur? The Amateur is a person who goes between the Artist and the general public, his actual pursuit of Art for short periods has given him a certain insight into Art. The only danger is that his little knowledge may lead him astray. This very slight knowledge cannot make a true creator, he must be content rather to distribute than create. He must look at the picture by the Old Master, and endeavour to find out what the Old Master meant, and that, whether it agrees with his own feelings or not, is what he has to tell others. The Old Master has been judged by the most competent Artists of all time and the Amateur's knowledge is not sufficient in itself for him to judge the Old Master by it. What knowledge he has will enable him to appreciate but not to judge.

An Artist in his training passes through this stage. At first he only vaguely feels that the works of certain men are great, the full appreciation comes later. It is told of an eminent French Musician

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that when he was young he used to say "I"; as he grew older he said "I and Mozart," then as his knowledge increased he said "Mozart and I." When at the height of his fame "Now," said he, "I say Mozart." When that stage is reached the great Artist may become the great critic but let him whose knowledge is scant keep silence.

It would be interesting were there space at our disposal to compare the relative positions of the Arts of Music and that to which we more particularly assign the name of Art, including Painting, Drawing and Sculpture. And there is one more remarkable fact that confronts us, for some reason the public do not in the case of Music arrogate to themselves in quite the same way the right of criticism, they say that they do or do not like the song or composition in question and there is an end of the matter. Perhaps the reason is that the public know so much more about Music than about Art, they know just enough to see what an infinity of knowledge is needed to make a competent critic. In the same way the Amateur Musician and the Professional are less at variance, the Amateur here accepts his position as Amateur and nevertheless does a great deal of good. The Amateur Artist on the other hand only too frequently chafes under the restrictions of the Amateur and does a great deal of harm.

Art then is for the Artist and not for the outsiders exactly as in the case of any other branch of human knowledge. Any pleasure or interest that the outsider may take in it, is doubtless to his mental or æsthetic advantage, but his opinions in almost every instance are of absolutely no weight with regard to the merits or demerits of the Art. On the other hand the impression that a picture produces upon him and the statement of how he is affected by a picture have a distinct value to the Artist. These results are the criteria by which an Artist may judge of his work, but if such are mingled with judgments and opinions of the spectator they lose their value from the difficulty of separating the one from the other. The Amateur's collections of pictures are in

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the generality of instances as far as he is concerned only collections of curios; he does not use them or understand them any more than the average collector of savage war implements, antique mechanism, or entomological or conchological specimens. The mere fact of collecting and observing will as in these other cases widen his knowledge, and he may by these means become possessed of artistic judgment of a certain degree, but the perfect critic must still be at the same time the perfect Artist.

It would also be profitable, particularly for those Amateurs who are Art patrons or leaders in Artistic society, to consider this relation of the sister Arts still further; to note the effect of church music in awaking an interest in both the practical and theoretical branches of the Art, to enquire into the arrangements of concerts as compared with our picture galleries, how in the one case we keep the different classes of Art apart, whereas our galleries are the merest jumble of the productions of Amateur ignorance side by side with the work of the great men of all time.

We do not expect to find on the same programme Wagner's music and "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," we should feel shocked if not insulted were this the case, but to find Whistler hanging next productions that shall be nameless causes no uneasiness, in fact any other arrangement would surprise us. Art labours too under other great disadvantages; if one wishes to convince the disciple of music of the error of his judgment with regard to a particular composition, the piece of music is comparatively easily shown him or played over for his edification, but on the other hand there is no such handy method of bringing the works of great Artists to individuals; and Mahomet in this case is very hard to move. At the present day this is somewhat changing and the Amateur has a great field before him in the influencing of his friends; so that they may purchase the comparatively satisfactory reproductions of great works that may now be obtained. Another subject far too large to deal with here is the consideration of the particular classes of errors of which the Amateur and his followers are too often guilty, involving such

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problems as the relation of Art to Nature and the place of truth in Art.

These underlie the foundations of Art itself and must be left for future consideration.

To what few conclusions may we say that we have arrived? briefly that the Amateur must be a follower before he is a leader, he must take his order from his superior officers and transmit them intact to those below him.

## WESTERN RUBAIYAT.

### I.

Space infinite, where no star is the last—  
The silences, Time Coming and Time Past—  
And O the wonder of the Soul in Me  
That mirrors the immeasurable vast !

### II.

Though height and depth, past where the stars begin  
To glimmer from the nothing, with her kin  
My soul went free, until she fell upon  
This Atom-World, and shrank to flesh therein.

### III.

Formless (ah, whence ?) she fell, as falls the rain  
That fills the stream. Through death (ah, where ?) again  
She passes, as an underflowing stream  
From leagues of cavern leaps into the plain.

### IV.

Sometimes I dream my Soul once went with wings,  
And sought through the old East, where murmurings  
From silver floods and thickets of sweet spice  
Taught her Love's exquisite sad passionings.

### V.

Heaven help our eyes and ears ! In weary case  
They stand—affectioned to the starry space  
And spheric harmonies, yet perforce filled  
With sordid turmoils of the market-place.

*WESTERN RUBAIYAT.*

VI.

The weeds are where the wheat was wont to be,  
The belching chimney doth the fruitful tree  
Uproot, the palace wastes the home, and all  
Our huckster-hopes are tossing on the sea !

VII.

Of Heaven and Hell I lost the map and key,  
And made enquiry where these bourns might be.  
Then Lazarus showed me Heaven, and Dives, Hell,  
And each went in that gate he showed to me.

VIII.

Like shipwrecked sailors, 'twixt the bitter Sea  
And infinite calm Heaven adrift, so we  
Who seek the world's good days are tossed about  
Between the fearful "Is" and fair "Might be."

IX.

'Neath the idolatries of knaves and fools  
And janglings of the creeds and sects and schools,  
See, O my Soul, that in the Soul of Man  
The Eternal Spirit knows, and cares, and rules.

X.

God hath ordained these two, Belief and Life,  
For holiest wedlock ; they are man and wife,  
Appointed parentage of Peace and Joy :  
He wastes the world who holds the twain at strife.

*SAINT GEORGE.*

XI.

Beside the Sea of Faith the pilots sit  
Debating as to Heaven, the place of it,  
And points of navigation. But who dares  
Hoist sail? Who dares the Shore of Mammon quit?

XII.

Backward in History, as in a land  
Of phantoms, plies the innumerable band  
Of men remembered, ceasing not from deeds  
Whereto each man when living set his hand.

XIII.

Majestic Nefert, fifty centuries dead,  
Placid in swart stone, keepeth still her stead  
Beside old Nile: indifferent as the moon  
To fallen, faded Egypt round her spread.

XIV.

I who am Christian, therefore am no clod.  
My tongue and eyes were set in me by God  
To sense that sweet is sweet and fair is fair:  
But He sent Wisdom with her chastening rod.

XV.

No form of flesh enshrines, or can enshrine,  
The beauty that I love. Not half so fine  
The rose is, as my vision of the rose.  
What woman matches with my dream divine?

*WESTERN RUBAIYAT.*

XVI.

Let my life be a well-played instrument,  
Tuned and impassioned with the full content  
Of my true music in that Score of God  
Wherein the parts of all His Saints are blent.

XVII.

To mould the verse and brim it with the wine  
Of song ecstatic, was my first design ;  
But now, in dark foundations whence must rise  
The Heavenly City, worthier work be mine.

XVIII.

Dame Poor-in-Purse broke in upon mine ease  
And troubled me year-long without surcease :  
Then other twain she brought, and said, "Receive  
My sisters, named Humility and Peace!"

XIX.

All "Rights of Property" I cast from me ;  
Goods, lands, wife, child,—no more "my own" are ye!  
Nothing I have, save this delicious sense  
That I am owned of Love, and I am free!

XX.

The ship, my soul, what time my last days stow  
Her freightage due, back to the shore shall throw  
Her bonds of flesh, and vanish on that voyage  
Whose port the dead, and not the living, know.

*SAINT GEORGE.*

XXI.

What know the fishes as to earth, that swim  
The deeps of water void of sound and dim?  
And what knows Man as to the Realms beyond  
The Space and Time that now imprison him?

XXII.

What heeds me that perpetual blossoms blow,  
Or everlasting storms heap hills of snow  
Where this worn frame shall moulder? Through death's door  
To other Realms my joy and sorrow go.

XXIII.

Yet it were pleasant that a rose-root near  
My breast should alchemise me year by year,  
And change my dust to roses, that should say  
"The heart of Love's true lover blossoms here!"

John C. Kenworthy.

## REVIEWS.

*The Purgatory of Dante: Part II. The Earthly Paradise. Translated by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., with introduction by Professor Earle, London: Macmillan & Co., 1899.*

**T**HIS is the completion of Mr. Shadwell's translation of the *Purgatory*. It will be remembered that in the preface to the former part Mr. Shadwell regarded Cantos xxviii—xxxiii as episodic in character, and more or less distinct from the main plan of the poem, and hence left off with a sense of completeness at Canto xxvii. Before proceeding to the change of view shown in this volume, it is necessary perhaps to say a few words about the principle of the translation. Mr. Shadwell's is one of the most interesting attempts that have been made to reproduce the form of Dante, a long standing problem to translators. Dante's metre (the *terza rima*) has three characteristics: (1) the stanza formation, corresponding generally to real divisions in thought; (2) the triple rhyme; (3) the eleventh unaccented syllable, which gives to the line what is known technically as a "feminine" character. The most popular translator has been content to reproduce the *thought* of the poet, and this is quite possible in any straightforward verse: but any attempt to convey to English eyes and ears any notion of the effect of the original upon Italian readers must begin on the basis of the stanza. This becomes very clear when one realises the almost superstitious value set by Dante himself on symmetry and number. Also some kind of rhyme is indispensable: but the triple rhyme so congenial to Italian is at least difficult and unnatural in English, so that it is impossible to sustain it well for any lengthy poem. As to the third element, the feminine ending, it is equally characteristic of Dante and congenial to Italian, but well-nigh impossible in English, where it is like many an effective foreign metre, so unnatural as to be actually disconcerting. Mr. Shad-

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well's adoption of the beautiful Marvell stanza won the approbation of Mr. Walter Pater: and although it is open to criticism, we believe it was a wise choice: for it not only retains the first and most important of these elements and gives an effective equivalent for the second, but it accomplishes this reproduction through the medium of a familiar and natural English verse-form. As Mr. Shadwell says "In Marvell's hands it has a wide compass: it is capable of ranging from the direct and unadorned narrative to the discussion of subtle intellectual or political arguments: it wastes no words: it has Dante's restraint and compression: it has his dignity and simplicity." We must confess that Mr. Shadwell's use of it is uneven, and that he is sometimes in difficulties over necessities of compression and rhyme: but his work is excellent reading, and so far as we have tested it, very literal. It has the great advantage of realising the true position of a translation in matter as in form, for Mr. Shadwell makes the least possible attempt to countenance in translation, at the expense of literalness, any special theories he may hold or doubtful points of symbolic interpretation.

Mr. Shadwell would be the first to admit the enormous additions to the value of the book that is made by Professor Earle's Introduction. The proportion of pages, 126 of introduction to 96 of text, is significant; indeed Professor Earle's commentary is simply invaluable. He has made a special study of the relation of the *Earthly Paradise* to the rest of the *Divine Comedy*, and come to see that so far from being episodic, it is really one of the most vital parts in a singularly coherent organic whole. This specialist study has thrown floods of light on the full meaning of the poem, illuminating many an obscure point in other places. We conceive the greatest value of the essay to be that one sees in it the process of conviction that changed these six Cantos, which had before seemed unimportant into the the hub of the whole poem; Professor Earle's interpretations are many of them very bold and of the deepest moment to the problem of Dante's real meaning. Only

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expert scholars can judge their truth, but in most cases their innate reasonableness is very convincing to the ordinary reader. Of late years, very many and various books, notably the works of Dr. Moore, the dictionary of Mr. Paget Toynbee, numerous translations, commentaries, and essays, have made easier the avenues to the mind of one of the truest and profoundest of poets. But we can hardly imagine a better beginning for a student of Dante than to follow Dante's own words with Mr. Shadwell's translations; having for guide one who can give a reasonable account of the poet's meaning, who fully realises the essential unity of the poet's masterpiece, who is profoundly convinced of the reality of Dante's prophetic mission, and conscious of the abiding value of his message. Beginning thus with these Six Cantos the student gets a grip of the main threads of thought and argument and symbolism, which will stand him in good stead when he proceeds to the rest of the poem. The *Purgatory* is generally admitted to be the best initiation to Dante: it has not the horror of the *Inferno*, nor the mystifying splendour of the *Paradise*: it is poignantly human. Dean Church has said "It is a great parable of the discipline on earth of moral agents, of the variety of their failures and needs, of the variety of their remedies. We understand the behaviour of those who are undergoing the figurative process of purification. We understand their resignation, their thankful submission to the chastisement which is to be the annealing to strength and peace." And the *Earthly Paradise* with which the *Purgatorio* closes, is full of peace: it is the blessed interval between long strife and sadness, and the eternity of love that shall make it seem but a moment's pain. It is full too of the burden of Dante's message, of comfort and promise: the eyes are soothed by the vernal green of hope upon the trees and grass of "the sea-girt land of holiness": from the colour-scheme of the vision green is never absent: through it all shine in calm security the emerald eyes of Beatrice. It ends with the mystic draught whose rapture tongue cannot tell that makes the pilgrim fit to pass into the Paradise of Heaven.

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An Italian critic has said "it is perhaps the most beautiful part of the *Commedia*: or that at least which exemplifies the best, the most beautiful side of Dante's character, his love." J. A. D.

*Danton: A Study, by Hilaire Belloc. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1899.*

ONE source of the value of this book is that its author is himself a man of two nations: he has national sympathies with, and personal experience of both French and English character and thought. Mr. Belloc is well fitted by birth and training to be an interpreter of the French mind in its most inexplicable mood, to the English mind with its steady love of simple issues. One of his tasks is to rebuke that condemnation of the Revolution *en bloc*, which results from ignorant and prejudiced generalisation. Mr. Belloc may not convince all his readers that it is an absolutely absurd explanation of the sudden violence of the late Revolution, "to postulate in the character of the French nation quaint aberrations which may be proper to the individual, but which never have nor can exist in any community of human beings." But most of them will fully sympathise with the scientific patriotism which inspired such a sentence as this:—"the occasional freaks of theory or dramatised ribaldry" which puddled the stream of progress, are "absurdities whose chief purpose would seem to be the interest they have afforded to foreigners." Or again:—"it is too common to read the spirit of 1793 into 1789, and the error is a grievous one. As well might you interpret the spirit of an eloquent man who is about to defend a just and practical cause by hearing what he said later in the day when his opponents have taken to fists and fought him heavily for several hours." And to justify the constant plea for justice is the painful fact that the

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seven weeks of madness after St. Just's return to Paris from the army "count more with the enemies of France than all her centuries."

In his separation of the true spirit which underlay the confused action of the Revolution, Mr. Belloc sees its real expression in Danton, the statesman whom Condorcet lived to recognise; the man to whom fate gave so repellent an exterior; who is unfortunate in public memory as the associate of Marat and Robespierre. All the figures of these unhappy years have their outlines blurred; there are to the English mind moments unforgettable, whose enormity overshadows any mental picture of the period; there is a mad war under heavy mists born of terror and abhorrence. Even modern French upholders of the Revolution must admit that for a brief space the eager striving for right and progress through power lost itself in the first insanity of possession. But we are now at a sufficient distance of time to distinguish between these lurid actors, to see that some of them at least have genuine and strong bonds with the world of sane fact, and are real men when brought into the light of common day. We can no longer be content with the opinion that "one leader of the Revolution is as good as another." To Mr. Belloc, Danton stands out because in these dark bewildering days he stands for France. "The secret workings of the soil, the power that makes all the qualities of a nation from its wine to its heroes; these had produced him as they produce the tree or the harvest. He is the most French, the most national, the nearest to the mother, of all the Revolutionary group. He summed up France: and, the son of a small lawyer in Champagne, he was peasant, bourgeois, almost soldier as well. When we study him it is like looking at a landscape of Rousseau's or a figure of Millet's. We feel France." Such is the spirit in which Mr. Belloc approaches his subject. Before dealing in detail with Danton's activity in Paris, he makes clear several points which are absolutely necessary for understanding the Revolution, but involve a change from the point of view probably of most readers. These

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are in the main, the position of the peasant, the relations of Church and Republic, the influence of Rousseau, the meaning of "lawyer" in Revolution history, above all the supremacy of Paris. With the background thus freed from some of the worst dangers of misconstruction, a vivid picture is painted of Danton's personality during these short crowded Revolution years in which he played so large a part. There is considerable evidence of research, and the appendix of original authorities is simply invaluable. The character-drawing is impressionist, and the English strong and poetical: so that the book leaves strong impressions and is good reading. Mr. Belloc loves a picture or a poetic digression, for instance, the beautiful passages that look forward to Napoleon, especially that which closes the book so effectively. Such a style has its weak points as well as its successes; it is just what one would expect of the brilliant Oxford rhetorician. While constantly surprising us by apt epithet and striking phrase or shapely period, Mr. Belloc is sometimes led overmuch to rhetorical questions and other devices more tolerable in debate than in writing. Occasionally a gratuitous euphemism suggests that in some points he is making his tiger a cat, or an allusiveness effective in speaking leads him to demand somewhat too much knowledge or historical acumen in his readers. But these are by comparison slight faults, and do not detract much from a picture in which the colouring is strong and generally convincing. It goes far to help the rehabilitation of a statesman who was hardly treated by his immediate posterity, but who we now know was not the bohemian brawler and venal profligate he has been sometimes represented. We believe that Mr. Belloc is projecting a study of Robespierre: and we look forward to it with great interest. Probably this will not be a rehabilitation; in any case two things are certain:—it will be an interesting book, and it will still further enforce the truth of those words of Danton, words that would have been commonplace from a less thorough revolutionary, "*Malheur à ceux qui provoquent les révolutions, malheur à ceux qui les font!*" J.A.D.

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*The Story of Rouen.* By Theodre Andrea Cook. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1899.

**T**HIS exquisitely printed and illustrated book makes its appearance at an opportune moment. Opportune, because Mr. George Allen has just issued the first volume of the new edition of *Præterita*, and in the ninth chapter of that most delightful autobiography, Mr. Ruskin tells his readers that there have been three centres of his life's thought: Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa, which were the tutresses of all he knew, and mistresses of all he did, from the first moments he entered their gates, and he further tells us that the sight of Rouen and its Cathedral largely determined the first centre and circle of his life-work. Such a confession will naturally arouse interest in the mind of even a casual reader of Ruskin concerning the city which has had such a powerful influence upon him, and in Mr. Cook's book he will be able to gratify that curiosity in a very satisfactory manner.

The history of the ancient city is sketched from the earliest times, and in a manner which is always interesting, always delightful, and always vivid and clear. The author is not content with a mere recital of facts and dates, and in his pages the incidents connected with the ever-changing life of the city and its inhabitants are told in a manner which causes them to live in our memory. Mr. Cook's history of Rouen is also a comprehensive one. Not only is the political story given, but we have also a full account of the city's architecture, and of its commercial, religious, and literary history.


The following extract is a fair example of Mr. Cook's picturesque style of narrative:

" . . . Nor is there any hope of betterment in Architecture, or any art, to-day, until something of the spirit has come back to us which made each citizen proud of the house he lived in, or of the House of God he helped to build, until the love of workmanship that built the old Cathedrals has returned.

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"Through those doors, which were shut sternly in the face of princes under the Church's ban, the poor man gladly passed from the hovel that was his home, out of the dark twisting streets whose crowded houses pressed even against the walls of the Cathedral, the humblest citizen might turn towards the beauty of a building greater and more wonderful than any that his feudal lord could boast. He found there not merely the sanctuary, not merely the shrine of all that was holiest in history or in creed, but the epitome of his own life, the handicrafts of his various guilds, as at Rouen, the tale of all his humblest occupations, the mockery of his neighbours' foibles, the lessons of the horror of sin."

*The Life of William Morris.* By J. W. Mackail. London: Longmans, 1899.

F Morris as a poet and as an artist the truest record is to be found in his actual work. In both cases alike he gave his best to the world quite simply, without ostentation and without concealment; and with the world as a still living influence what was permanent in it remains. But of the personality behind it, that work, without the actual living speech and gesture and movement of the man, gives only partial glimpses: nor does it bear any trace at all of what made his personality most unique, 'that *rum* and indescribable deportment' which was a perpetual fascination to all his acquaintance." In these words we have a conscious justification of biography, especially in the case of a man like Morris, who never, or very rarely indeed, felt the imperative need for self analysis and its artistic expression. And specially too when a man is so many-sided as Morris, whose life was a succession of absorbing interests. There are probably not very many who would feel their sympathy equally keen in the three departments into which his activity may be divided: romance, craftsmanship, social reform. And probably

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none who finds his interest thus limited could deduce from that side of Morris's work which appealed to him most, any true conception of his character. Here then is a case in which we may truthfully say that a biography is welcome. Mr. Mackail brings to his work an intimate knowledge of the closest circle of Morris's friends, a deep sympathy with Morris's work and ideals in at least two of its main divisions, and not a little literary ability and experience. The result is a keen realisation by the reader of the living personality of Morris; as far as one can judge not by first-hand knowledge, but by an impression that the presentment is real and convincing, aided by some little knowledge of Morris's work. The character thus set before us is a strangely complex one at first sight. Born of good upper-middle-class stock, Morris had always a foundation of bourgeois stolidity, and a background of solid sense and dutifulness. Added to this he was endowed by nature with magnificent strength and superabundant vitality of an almost gross kind. Even so most men would have a vein of romance somewhere in their composition, and dreams flecked with romantic light: but Morris had a whole and complete inner life which was one lifelong dream; another world in which too he was completely at home. Surely too he kept the fresh power of the child-mind to bear on the world in which his manhood moved, and those strange keen eyes looked on all things with a single undoubting intuition which they hardly lost when in later life he watched with a gaze of vague trouble the fading of some of his cherished visions. Such a temper is the key to his most striking characteristics: his delight in craftsmanship, in colour and beauty: his abrupt judgments, the impatient misunderstanding of the reflective temperament which led him to pronounce Coleridge "A muddle-headed metaphysician who by a strange freak of fortune turned out a few real poems amongst the dreary flood of inanity which was his wont": his gusts of flaming passion when crossed: his incapacity for irony, keen and frank as was his sense of humour: above all, his complete absorption in the particular work which at any time occupied his attention. It

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would indeed be fascinating if we had space briefly to sum up the chief influences which moulded his life—for things that touched him became part of him—and thus to see the long succession of his absorbing interests, his passionate loves. But all these things we must leave for the present, the whole story must be read in Mr. Mackail's pages. There is one source of influence of which we must speak—that of Ruskin. "All his serious references to Ruskin"—for, in common with most people Morris sometimes found Ruskin a little trying—"showed that he retained towards him the attitude of a scholar to a great teacher and master, not only in matters of Art but throughout the whole sphere of human life." Roughly speaking, Ruskin's own advance had gone upon much the same lines as Morris was to follow: both were led (though the parallel must not be pushed too far) from Art to Social Reform. While Morris was at Oxford, revelling in its then hardly impaired mediaevalism, learning the ever undimmed lessons of Merton Chapel and St. Mary's Spire, fired by the new and stirring song of Tennyson, Ruskin's wonderful chapter on the Nature of Gothic "kindled the beliefs of his whole life." "To some of us," he said long after, "when we first read it now many years ago, it seemed to point out a new road on which the world should travel. The lesson he teaches us is that art is the expression of man's pleasure in labour." That lesson expressed the creed which Morris lived, and which was the source of all that was permanent in his socialism. "In the later teaching, which," as Mr. Mackail says, "did little more than to expand and enforce this chapter, Ruskin had laid once for all the basis of a true Socialism." Morris's socialism of the 'eighties was nearly all stated in *Unto This Last*, which was published when Morris was beginning his lifework as manufacturer and master-craftsman. Such socialism made *Looking Backward* very repellent to him and it was in a hostile notice of it that he reiterated the cardinal point of his creed:—"It cannot be too often repeated that the true incentive to useful and happy labour is and must be pleasure in the work itself."

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"That single sentence" says Mr. Mackail, "contains the sum of his belief in politics, in economics, in art."

Throughout the course of his life he was putting his vigour into young movements that made for breadth and light: he followed the crusade led in ways so different by Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, the Pre-Raffaellites, Arnold, the Christian Socialists. Occasionally his energy was impaired by the languor that comes of giving our enthusiasms to many things: a danger that especially besets the artistic temperament, because its pursuits make such demands upon a man's vitality. For a while he was dragged into an intemperate party policy. But his energies remained young and generous, and the prayer of his declining years had been the unconscious ideal of his life. "O how I long to keep the world from narrowing me, and look at things bigly and kindly!"

J. A. D.

1899. *The Academy Notes originated by the late Henry Blackburn.*  
London: Chatto & Windus.

**T**HE features of this Annual are well known. A catalogue of the pictures in the Academy is given, and is accompanied by reproductions of many of them. Many of these reproductions, convey but faint impressions of the originals, but the book nevertheless serves as an admirable guide for visitors to the Academy. The catalogue of the pictures appears to be complete, but we think it unfortunate that the publishers did not include the list of exhibits in the Sculpture Room.

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THE FIGARO  
AND MR.  
RUSKIN.

At the annual meeting of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, on the 22nd April, the following letter was read from Mr. W. G. Collingwood, dated from Coniston.

"I enclose for the diversion of your Society a leading article from a French paper. It is extremely curious to see a myth growing up like a mushroom, under one's very eyes; and it might be interesting to students of folklore to have record of the fact. I need hardly say that the paragraph I have marked is fictional in every particular after the word Coniston. Each statement is based on a fact and poised in the oddest instability of equilibrium on its very slender foundation of truth."

The cutting which Mr. Collingwood enclosed was from *Le Figaro*, of March 29th last, and we give below a translation of a portion of the article. The last paragraph is the one which is specially referred to in Mr. Collingwood's letter. The writer of the article is discussing a Government proposal which was before the country, and he thus proceeds

"I know a man to whom this ministerial project will be particularly pleasing. He is an Englishman; he is the enthusiastic, eccentric and genial apostle, who shook the dust of London from his feet so that he might no longer see the yellow fog, no longer hear the discordant steam whistles, no longer be blinded by gas, nor poisoned by sulphur, nor deafened by the noise of machines; nor shaken by the trains which run in every direction in corridors underground, and over metal bridges, with one incessant roar of iron. He is the Jean Jacques and the Tolstoi of England, the passionate defender of nature, the enemy of mercantile industry, the author of *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Mr. John Ruskin."

"Mr. Ruskin insists that if mankind continues to make everything ugly, the time is near when beautiful country will no longer exist, except in documents in the museums. Everywhere natural beauty is disappearing under the monstrosities of industry and commerce. The factories prevent the grass growing, and darken the light of day."

"Mr. Ruskin has retired to Brantwood on the shore of Lake Coniston. With the aid of a few of his most devoted followers, he has constructed on the lake with his own hands a little harbour, into

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which, steam boats are never admitted. He has recruited a gang of road-menders, in order to make for his own use a road forbidden to motor-cars and moto-cycles. Gas is entirely forbidden in his house. This foe of manufactures only clothes himself with cloth woven by hand, and with flax spun by the wheel. It is unnecessary to add that Ruskin never rides by train. He does not even desire his books to go by rail. His editor is obliged by agreement to send them by cart. This editor, in order not to quarrel with his master, has had to transport his bookshop into a peaceful and picturesque country, where, among fields of roses, he is cheered by the hills of Kent."

RUSKIN  
AND  
SPURGEON.

The third volume of the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, which has just been issued, contains the following interesting account of an interview which the famous preacher had with Mr. Ruskin.

"Mr. Ruskin came to see me one day, many years ago, and amongst other things he said that the apostle Paul was a liar, and that I was a fool! 'Well,' I replied, 'let us keep the two things separate; so, first of all, tell me how you can prove that the apostle Paul was a liar.' 'He was no gentleman, and he was a liar, too,' answered Mr. Ruskin. 'Oh, indeed!' I rejoined, 'how do you make that out?' 'Well,' he said, 'there was a Jewish gentleman came to him one day and asked him a polite question, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' (I Corinthians xv., 35.) Paul began by saying to him, 'Thou fool,' which proved that the apostle was no gentleman; and then he continued, 'That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die,' which was a lie.' 'No,' I answered, 'it was not a lie; Paul was speaking the truth.' 'How do you prove that?' asked Mr. Ruskin. 'Why,' I replied, very easily. What is death? Death is the resolution into its original elements of any compound substance which possessed life." Mr. Ruskin said, 'That is the most extraordinary definition of death that I ever heard, but it is true.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it is true; and that is what happens to the seed when it dies; it is resolved into its own original elements, and the living germ which is within it becomes the centre and the source of the new life that spring from it.'" 'Then,' asked Mr. Ruskin, 'what do you mean when you talk of the death of the soul?' 'I mean,' I replied, 'the separation of the soul from God; it was originally with God, and

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when it separates from Him it dies to God ; that is its death, but that death is non-existence. The separation of the soul from the body is the separation from itself of that which quickened it, and it falls back into its original condition.' 'Well,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'you have proved that Paul spoke the truth, but you have not proved him to be a gentleman.' 'At all events,' I answered, 'the apostle was as much a gentleman as you were just now when you called me a fool.'

BARONESS  
SCHNEIDER  
ON RUSKIN.

The Baroness Augusta Von Schneider contributes to the May number of the *Humanitarian* an article on Ruskin's *Unto this Last*. It is very short, extending only to a page and a half, but it is one of the most incompetent attempts to criticise Ruskin which we have ever read. Admitting the truth and nobility of Mr. Ruskin's conceptions, the writer of the article urges as an objection that employers and labourers are not actuated by his ideals and spirit. Precisely so: that is the reason Mr. Ruskin wrote the book. The Baroness continues "We might go on multiplying instances of a like want of assimilation, so to say, of existing facts, only that it does not seem necessary to point them out specially, since it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Ruskin's views would be what they are"—a sentence which is devoid of any meaning, and is, in fact, mere twaddle. The Baroness, by the way, refers to "the old age pensions enactment" being apparently under the impression that we already enjoy a state system of pensions.

THE LATE  
EDWARD  
THRING  
ON RUSKIN.

The recently published *Life of Edward Thring*, one of the greatest of modern schoolmasters, contains, among many other interesting letters, one which he wrote to a friend on Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, from which we take the following passage :—

"It is a noble book, and did noble work at the time, and will continue to do so. It did what I should have thought impossible ; it smashed up for ever the narrow technicalities of artists, and altered the

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point of view not only for them, but for the whole world, and gave the seeing eye, and thought, and feeling a practical reality which they will never lose, but never had before. I do not, however, disparage his later work, of which I know comparatively little, not having read more than three or four volumes. But the fierce practical complexity of struggling humanity and its problems suffer more from any ignorance, or disregard of what is possible in human nature, than intellectual subjects outside the area of sin and suffering do. There is, however, sure to be much worth pondering and much to arouse a reflection in everything he writes. I, however, am grateful to him for having put me into a new world of observation, beauty, power, and progressive thought, which amounted to what I have called it a new world ; and every day adds to this obligation."

### LORD RUSSELL'S SECRET COMMISSIONS BILL.

The Bill which Lord Russell has introduced into the House of Lords to check the wide spread evil of secret commissions has our warmest support. It is difficult to realize how vast the evil in question is. It extends to nearly every trade and profession from the doctor and the solicitor to the gamekeeper and the butler. The masterly address of the Lord Chief Justice in introducing the Bill shewed clearly how corrupting and degrading was this pernicious practice. No one has pleaded more eloquently and earnestly for the purification of our commercial system than Mr. Ruskin, and we believe that all his followers will welcome a Bill which, in some measure at least will tend to do this. We observe that the Bill was introduced to a comparatively empty House. It is much more important than many which arouse fierce party feeling and we trust the Government will interpose no obstacles to prevent its rapid passage through Parliament.

### PARLIAMENT AND USURY.

Another measure before Parliament of great importance is the Bill introduced by Lord James, dealing with the money lenders, and which provides for their proper registration and for the fixing of a maximum rate of

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interest. We need not remind our readers of Mr. Ruskin's clear and forcible teaching—running through many of his works—on the subject of usury and if the Bill in question is successful in mitigating, though only in a limited degree, this vital evil it will be a matter for deep thankfulness. We hail this Bill as another indication of the influence of the Master's teaching.

*PRÆTERITA.* As we go to press, Mr. Geo. Allen is issuing the first volume of the new edition of Ruskin's *Præterita*. An autobiography is always interesting—far more so than a biography, because the writer's character is more truly seen and understood, and we congratulate Mr. Allen for reprinting in a cheaper form the fascinating story of Ruskin's Life, told in his own words. We are sure a warm welcome awaits this new edition.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the first volume of *Præterita* is that dealing with Ruskin's boyish days and the formative influences which played upon him then. He gives us many beautiful and touching pictures of the simple home life of his young days. He relates the order of his daily life when a lad of five or six years. In the afternoons his father returned (always punctually) from his business and dined at half-past four in the front parlour, his mother sitting beside him to hear the events of the day. After that, in summer time, they were all in the garden as long as the day lasted; tea under the white-heart cherry tree, or in winter and rough weather at six o'clock in the drawing-room—little John having his cup of milk and slice of bread and butter, in a little recess, with a table in front of it, wholly sacred to himself, in which he remained in the evenings as an idol in a niche, while his mother knitted and his father read to them. These readings were mostly from the Waverley novels, which Mr. Ruskin tells us were still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature, and he can no more recollect the time when he did not know them, than when he did not know the Bible.